

## SONNET X.



LIP not, sweet Love, the wings of  
my Desire,

Although it soar aloft, and mount  
too high: But rather, bear with me,  
though I aspire,

For I have wings to bear me to the  
sky. What though I mount, there is no  
sun but thee!

And sith no other sun, why should I  
fear ? Thou wilt not burn me, though  
thou terrify!

And though thy brightness do so great  
appear, Dear! I seek not to batter down  
thy glory;

Nor do I envy that thy hope  
increaseth ! O never think, thy fame  
doth make me sorry!

For thou must live by fame, when  
beauty ceaseth. Besides, since from one  
root we both did spring, Why should not  
I, thy fame and beauty sing ?

## SONNET XI.



INGED with sad woes, why doth fair  
ZEPHYR blow

Upon my face (the map of  
discontent) ? Is it to have the weeds of  
sorrow grow

So long and thick, that they will ne'er be  
spent ? " No, fondling! No ! It is to cool the  
fire

Which hot Desire within thy breast hath  
made. Check him but once, and he will soon  
retire! "

O but he sorrows brought which cannot  
fade. " The sorrows that he brought, he took  
from thee,

Which fair FIDESSA span, and thou must  
wear! Yet hath she nothing done of cruelty,

By (for her sake) to try what thou wilt bear!  
" Come, sorrows ! come ! You are to me  
assigned! Fll bear you all! It is FIDESSA'S  
mind!